Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Moun. Who ſet this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam an houre before the worſhipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſued my honour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene ſeene,

With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauy ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and portendous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.
Ben. My noble vncle do you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he his own affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeos* houres?